

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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OCTOBER, 1840.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Eugene Aram. A Tale.* By Sir EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Bart.,  
M.P., M.A.

We know not how sufficiently to express our admiration of this thrilling romance. Its merits are so much beyond the usual aspirations of fiction, that we are at a loss to determine in what class of literature it should be properly placed. When the occasion requires it, it displays all the sublime eloquence that should characterise the epic, whilst its searching disquisitions fathom deeply the bottomless sea of metaphysics. We greatly approve of the noble simplicity in the conduct of the events. It contains no clap-traps for applause—no melo-dramatic surprises—we are aware of the principal fact beforehand, and have only to mark how its effects work upon the well-delineated characters. Undoubtedly, there is a great, an all-absorbing interest, attached to the murderer, Eugene Aram; but it is not the interest of love—hardly that of esteem; but one of profound admiration—but an admiration that repels at once all desire of imitation. It is that sort of feeling with which we would watch the course of a thunderbolt. Indeed, although we may run the risk of being charged with adulation, we think that this production is as perfect as a tale, founded upon facts and embellished with fiction of the highest order, can possibly be. The complexion of it would have been too sombre, had it not been relieved by a rich vein of the comic. The character of Jacob Bunting, the corporal, with his conceited selfishness, is an admirable portrait, and as rich a thing of the kind, without the least exaggeration, as we ever met with. There is that happy sufficiency of him in the story that makes us wish for more of him, yet acknowledge that he has exactly filled the niche assigned to him. Indeed, all the characters hit the just medium, with, perhaps, the exception of the hypochondriac, which is a little over-coloured. Our author is excelled by no one in description. The eccentric character of Eugene is thus portrayed:

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“ From his youth to the present period, Aram had *dwelt* little in cities, though he had visited many, yet he could scarcely be called ignorant of mankind ; there seems something intuitive in the science which teaches us the knowledge of our race. Some men emerge from their seclusion, and find, all at once, a power to dart into the minds and drag forth the motives of those they see ; it is a sort of second sight, born with them, not acquired. And Aram, it may be, rendered yet more acute by his profound and habitual investigations of our metaphysical frame, never quitted his solitude to mix with others, without penetrating into the broad traits or prevalent infirmities their characters possessed. In this, indeed, he differed from the scholar tribe, and even in abstraction was mechanically vigilant and observant. Much in his nature would, had early circumstances given it a different bias, have fitted him for worldly superiority and command. A resistless energy, an unbroken perseverance, a profound, and scheming, and subtle thought, a genius fertile in resources, a tongue clothed with eloquence—all, had his ambition so chosen, might have given him the same empire over the physical, that he had now attained over the intellectual world. It could not be said that Aram wanted benevolence, but it was dashed, and mixed with a certain scorn : the benevolence was the offspring of his nature ; the scorn seemed the result of his pursuits. He would feed the birds from his window, he would tread aside to avoid the worm on his path ; were one of his own tribe in danger, he would save him at the hazard of his life :—yet in his heart he despised men, and believed them beyond amelioration. Unlike the present race of schoolmen, who incline to the consoling hope of human perfectibility, he saw in the gloomy past but a dark prophecy of the future. As Napoleon wept over one wounded soldier in the field of battle, yet ordered, without emotion, thousands to a certain death ; so Aram would have sacrificed himself for an individual, but would not have sacrificed a momentary gratification for his race. And this sentiment towards men, at once of high disdain and profound despondency, was perhaps the cause why he rioted in indolence upon his extraordinary mental wealth, and could not be persuaded either to dazzle the world or to serve it. But by little and little his fame had broke forth from the limits with which he would have walled it : a man who had taught himself, under singular difficulties, nearly all the languages of the civilised earth ; the profound mathematician, the elaborate antiquarian, the abstruse philologist, uniting with his graver lore the more florid accomplishments of science, from the scholastic trifling of heraldry to the gentle learning of herbs and flowers, could scarcely hope for utter obscurity in that day when all intellectual acquirement was held in high honour, and its possessors were drawn together into a sort of brotherhood by the fellowship of their pursuits. And though Aram gave little or nothing to the world himself, he was ever willing to communicate to others any benefit or honour derivable from his researches. On the altar of science he kindled no light, but the fragrant oil in the lamps of his more pious brethren was largely borrowed from his stores. From almost every college in Europe came to his obscure abode letters of acknowledgment or inquiry ; and few foreign cultivators of learning visited this country without seeking an interview with Aram. He received them with all the modesty and the courtesy that characterised his demeanour ; but it was noticeable that he never allowed these interruptions to be more than temporary. He proffered no hospitality, and shrunk back from all offers of friendship ; the interview lasted its hour, and was seldom renewed. Patronage was not less distasteful to him than sociality. Some occasional visits and condescensions of the great he had received with a stern haughtiness, rather than his wonted and subdued urbanity. The precise amount of his fortune was not known ; his wants were so few, that what

would have been poverty to others might easily have been competence to him; and the only evidence he manifested of the command of money, was in his extended and various library.

"He had now been about two years settled in his present retreat. Unsocial as he was, every one in the neighbourhood loved him; even the reserve of a man so eminent, arising as it was supposed to do from a painful modesty, had in it something winning; and he had been known to evince, on great occasions, a charity and a courage in the service of others which removed from the seclusion of his habits the semblance of misanthropy and of avarice. The peasant drew aside from a kindness mingled with his respect, as in his homeward walk he encountered the pale and thoughtful student, with the folded arms and downcast eyes which characterised the abstraction of his mood; and the village maiden, as she courtseyed by him, stole a glance at his handsome but melancholy countenance; and told her sweetheart she was certain the poor scholar had been crossed in love."

We know not that we should apologize to our readers for making so long an extract from a work so well known and so popular; but there may be still very many who have not yet made themselves familiar with this admirable production. The weakest part of this tale is the spoken defence of Aram before his judge and jury. We suppose that, in this instance, Sir Edward was compelled to adhere strictly to the fact; but it goes some way to disappoint the reader in the expectations that he had formed of the mighty intellect of the culprit. He had been prepared for something better. That speech never rose into eloquence, or melted into pathos. It was an ingenious specimen of elaborate casuistry, that would rather excite the suspicions of a jury than exculpate the speaker. We know not how this could be amended, except by strengthening the circumstantial evidence against the accused, and this, no doubt, the facts of the case would not permit. We may be only cavilling, and this slight objection strike no other person. The characters of the two sisters are delicately drawn and most admirably sustained. But if any one particular of this surprising prose tragedy deserve commendation more than another, it is the deep and convincing moral that it conveys, that crime and happiness cannot exist together. Though Eugene Aram boasted that he felt no remorse, he lied to his own soul. The worm that never dieth was always at his heart, gnawing and agonising without intermission. Learning could not lull it, a long life of after-rectitude could not extract the least of its fangs, nor indefatigable industry distract it from its dreadful meal for a moment. The murderer called his misery by other names, but the pang was always the same. It was remorse still.

This splendid tale forms the sixth volume of the collected works of Sir Edward, and was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. We trust that the preface will not be overlooked by the reader. We should sometimes not only point out the goal that is to be reached, but also the best path of attaining it. As a specimen of the mechanical getting up of a work, this volume may claim high praise. The frontispiece by Cattermole is well grouped and expressive, and the engraver has ably worked out the conception of the painter. The vignette title-page is also deserving of commendation, with the exception of the



figure of Houseman, the low villain of the story: it is difficult to ascertain what he wears upon his head. However, everything is necessarily on a scale so minute, that this defect is but of minor consequence.

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*Desultory Sketches and Tales of Barbados.*

This is a pleasant gossiping work, (it is a great commendation to gossip well,) imparting a good deal of instruction, and throughout amusing. It fairly represents what Barbadoes now is, and the effects upon its community produced by the emancipating of the negroes. The tales are the worst part of the volume, not that they are bad, but never arising beyond an agreeable mediocrity. We are sure that the author makes an excellent companion, for there is a spirit of benevolence about his work that is not the least of its charms. We should suppose that he was the surgeon of H.M. brig *Lyra*, and he repairs in that vessel to Barbados, from Sierra Leone, when the Bulam fever was devastating and almost annihilating her crew. The description of this terrible disease is affecting and graphic, and immediately deeply interests the reader in the fate of the author. The rest of the book is of a more pleasing description, being scenes, conversations, and stories, all incidental to the beautiful island which he visited. We extract an account of one of the most singular natural curiosities of the place.

“ The cavern is spacious, irregular, and divided into several compartments by the rocky supports of the roof, and is lighted up by as many openings, or mouths, all of which look upon the sea; its height is not uniform, being high in some places, low in others—while a pure limpid water distils from the small stalactites and incrustated surface of the roof, and mingles with the salt water left in the many holes, more or less deep, by the sea, when in stormy weather the waves find ready entrance into the cave through the openings just mentioned. To see the animal-flowers, from which the cave derives its name, one must wade knee deep through a pool of water, and enter by a low arch-way the Carpet room, so called from the endless variety of rich and beautiful colours displayed by a kind of velvet moss that adheres to the bottom and sides of the natural basin, sunk in the floor of this fairy grotto, the intermixture of the moss assuming the appearance of a handsome Turkey carpet. In the centre of the basin is a large, oblong, and submerged rock, also clothed with the variegated moss; and from this rock, which is always covered over with the clearest water, the singular species of zoophyte, called the animal-flower, is seen to bloom. Most like in appearance to the single flowers of the composite plants, this intermediate scale between the animal and vegetable creation radiates or expands its petals from a small stem or tube, into which the flower withdraws itself the instant the hand is approached to touch it, while the tube shrinks into the small hole in the rock from which it has issued. If the hand be removed, and the creature left undisturbed, the tube again comes forth; and once more the animal-flower discloses its fine and sensitive petals; which, when they are of a yellow colour, bear a strong resemblance to a flower of the single marigold. The antennæ, or feelers, which spring from the centre or disk of the flower, are so delicate and fine as not to be easily per-



ceived; and on this account render the deception still more complete. In fact, Mr. Hughes disbelieved at first the existence of animal life in these curious productions of nature, and was induced to examine them more accurately to solve his doubts.\*

"There are three varieties of the zoophyte: the yellow, the blue, and the brown; the latter, however, is rarely seen in this place, but grows to a large size in the Bachelor's Cave."

We refrain from noticing the Barbadian tales, as they are not of a very high order. The remarks upon the actual state of the little community of Barbadoes are judicious, and we think them not only sound but unanswerable. The description of the Plover Shooting, a complete *battue*, will much amuse all sportsmen, the false as well as the true. Our author, whilst he is loud in his praises of the sublime philanthropy of the act, speaks but doubtingly of the effects of the general negro emancipation. For our own part, we have sorrowful misgivings on the subject. That all manner of colonial produce should become dearer, every sensible man must have expected; but though we care but little about the sugars and the rums, we do about the negroes. We fear that they will be deteriorated, physically and morally; at present, he is inflated with his fancied consequence.

"Indeed, Quashy has become a person of considerable importance; he knows that the sympathies of nations are roused in his behalf—that millions of money have been expended to liberate him—that the Queen herself, God bless her! has directed his chains to be for ever cast away,—that, in fact, he is a free man,—who dare deny it? And so far has this self-importance identified itself with the consummation of all his hopes and wishes, and sprung up within him from the very knowledge of the universal sympathy and interest which attended the great measure of his freedom, that he is thoroughly impressed with the idea that no one is better than himself—that he is on a footing of equality with all the world; and, moreover, is highly incensed if he be not considered every inch a gentleman!

"I one day witnessed an instance of this latter conceit, while walking down the milk-market, Bridge-town, with my friends Seagrave and X. A field negro, without shoes and stockings, and in his ordinary working dress, was going along with a basket of yams on his head,—'You gentleman with the yams!' bawled a slip-shod dirty cook wench from a street-door, 'are yer yams for sale?'

"'Yes, my lady,' replied the vender of the vegetables.

"Seagrave and myself burst into an immoderate and uncontrollable fit of laughter, while X.'s face actually glowed with passion; which was by no means appeased, when the cook wench, divining the cause of our mirth, sung out with the most contemptuous emphasis;—'Kigh—what them *white people* laugh at—we no ladies and gentlemen, eh? I knows dat!'

"This consciousness of his own importance in the scale of society, manifesting itself in numerous ways, such as 'I'm free—I'm as good as

\* "I plainly saw four dark-coloured resemblances of threads, something like the legs of a spider, rising out of the centre of what I have termed a flower. Their quick spontaneous motion from one side to the other of this circular border of seeming leaves, (which in reality were so many arms or feelers,) and their closing together in imitation of a forceps, as if they had hemmed in their prey, which the yellow border likewise soon surrounded and closed to secure, fully convinced me that it was a living creature.—*Hughes' Nat. Hist. of Barbadoes.*"

you—dare to strike me—the law is as good for me now as it is for you,” implies that he knows his rights as a freeman,—that these are neither to be interfered with nor violated with impunity, and makes him tenacious of the privileges he has so lately acquired. Perhaps, too, it is productive of other beneficial effects ; it excites emulation and stimulates his ambition to become a respectable and good member of the community.

“ So far this is well ; but the over-estimate of himself, which self-importance is apt to engender in his present comparatively unenlightened condition, is attended with many evils: I am sure I have traced all these to this source,—it causes him to be indifferent to the part of his duty toward his neighbour, as taught in his catechism, ‘ to order himself lowly and reverently to his betters,’ thus making him like the ‘ American helps,’ often a bad and disrespectful domestic ; it renders him querulous with others, and with his employers, and therefore extremely prone to be litigious,—excites such a jealousy of his rights, as subjects him to constant disquietude about them ; and if he be credulous, as is too often the case, renders him liable to be imposed upon by the designing,—‘ the conductors,’ according to Edmund Burke, ‘ and fomenters of the petty war of village vexation,’ of which class of persons there are, unfortunately, not a few in Barbados. Some of these, indeed, claim consanguinity with the Negro, and, no doubt, like Aaron, would have

“ ‘ Their souls as black as their faces.’ ”

The reader may now judge for himself as to the value and the scope of the contents of this volume, and we think that he will agree with us that it is fully capable of affording him two or three hours’ recreation, combined with a great deal of information upon subjects which, if not of vital consequence, ought still to interest him deeply.

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*The Bazaar, a Poem ; embracing Thoughts on the Progression of Knowledge in connexion with it.* By ROBERT ROSE, the Bard of Colour.

The Bard of Colour ? Robert Rose ? Is it the *man* of colour who is the bard ? or the bard only who has adopted the Roseatic hue as his symbol, from the glowing nature of his verses. People who place themselves before the public should make themselves as intelligible as they can, at least in their distinctive appellations. However, under whatever colour this author may elect to write, he writes badly, mistaking fustian for force, and pompous unmeaning phraseology for sublimity. Take for example :—

“ Hark ! now a thousand cheerful footsteps come,  
My fancy hears the crowd’s harmonious hum :  
Behold the brother, sister, daughter, wife,  
Are here to cull the flowerets of life.  
Ye sons of commerce ! bid a truce to care,  
Haste here ! life’s cup of honey you may share ;  
An hour from business cannot cost much pain,  
For if you lose it here,—the *loss* is *gain*.  
Like a strong Lion, when he stands at bay,  
Shakes his pursuers’ arrows far away ;  
Or, like a fetter’d Giant snaps asunder  
His chains, that fall to earth like clashing thunder,

And seems a *tower of strength* ; thus will it be \*  
With the MECHANICS' INSTITUTION free  
From debt, 'twill start to useful life once more,  
Prompt to surpass whate'er it was before ;  
Friends to support it, and maintain its stand,  
'Twill be a lasting honor to the land."

There is something very pleasant, the comparing the freeing the "MECHANICS' INSTITUTION" from debt to the wounded lion, and the chain-snapping giant. We should not have noticed this trifle at all, had we not seen in some periodicals sundry execrable verses signed by the "Bard of Colour;"—so we suppose the writer has a sort of reputation, but it must arise from any other cause than his literary productions.

*Oriental Musings and other Poems.* By P. SCOTT, Esq.

Very good indeed, and a great deal above the level of the ordinary versification with which the literature of the day overflows. The first poem—it is a poem—for it happens to be poetry—a rare thing for verse just now—contains, in sixty-four beautiful stanzas, a vivid description of India. The minor poems are miscellaneous, but generally on heroic subjects. As a specimen, we select a song—selected only on account of its brevity, not because it is the best, although it may well demand to be quoted for its beauty.

" SONG.

TUNE—The Persian air of 'Lalu-rukha, sumun-bura.'

I.

There's a time for love and a time for war,  
For beauty's smile, and for honour's scar,  
There's a time for the mind's deep thinking,  
'Neath the weight of knowledge sinking—  
Put battle and woman and thought afar,  
For now is the time for drinking.

II.

Let warriors wade through blood to fame,  
And murder millions for a name;  
But we, while our cups are filling,  
Old Time are employed in killing—  
And wine is the only stream we claim  
The noble merit of spilling.

III.

Let lovers praise the tulip streak  
That glows upon their Peri's cheek,  
Our brows are as brightly flushing  
From the tide through our veins now gushing,  
And the only hue that on earth we seek  
Is that of the red wine blushing.

\* It is scarcely necessary, though appropriate, here to state to those out of the immediate locality of the Bazaar, that the laudable object of it is entirely to relieve the Manchester Mechanics' Institution from Debt.



## IV.

Let the scholar by his lamp's dim light,  
 In search of science pass each night,  
     Our hearts, while our bowls are flowing,  
     Their inmost thoughts are showing—  
 Our cups are our books, and our wine so bright  
     Is a key to all worth knowing!"

The translations of the Persian songs at the conclusion of the volume will be appreciated by every person of taste. The public favour is so precarious, and depends upon so many circumstances, in literary matters, foreign to the merits of the works, that the critic who ventures to prophesy upon the success or failure of any particular production, runs ten chances to one to have foretold falsely. But he can speak more certainly upon the claims for, than the chances of success. We therefore say that Mr. Scott's poems deserve a great circulation, and the triumph of a literary ovation at least. But there is much in accessories—his book is too unpretending in its appearance—his type, though good, is not sufficiently large, and the extent of his margin is neither imposing nor vast. There is nothing aristocratic about the volume, with the exception of its contents; the last thing, perhaps, by which it will be judged.

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*Religion and Crime; or the Distresses of the People, and the Remedies.*

By JOHN MINTON MORGAN.

No one can refuse the tribute of admiration to the judicious philanthropy that has instigated the author in producing this work. It does not in the least detract from his merit that he has laboured in vain. He will never persuade those who have inordinate wealth, and those who have the means to acquire it, to relinquish either the one or the other. Wealth is power, and these two principles, power and wealth, go on mutually increasing each other. All the labour of the community is more than sufficient, amply, nay luxuriously, to provide for the wants of all; but power in the shape of capital, and by the means of competition, comes in and seizes its inordinate share. For this there is no remedy. Religion may weep over the evil, but she cannot amend it. The very monopolizers of the produce of other men's labour are the most religious of the community. They piously keep the poor as poor as they can, and refer them for their reward to the kingdom of heaven. Are there a more outwardly religious set of men than the speculators in grain? and are not their gains exactly in proportion to the misery of their fellow-creatures? However, Mr. Morgan has touched upon many points in a very sensible manner, and shown how many ameliorations could be effected—all of them at the expense of the richer classes—and which those classes will never suffer. It is the principle of our present civil polity to grind out of the labouring classes the utmost exertions at the least possible remuneration, at the same time, encouraging them to squander away the little they earn, in excisable articles. Let us follow out the doctrines of the philanthropists. Make all the world temperate, and the revenue will not meet the calls of the public cre-

ditor, a national bankruptcy and anarchy ensue. Make the lower orders too comfortable and too healthy, and their numbers would soon reduce even industry and abstinence to the starving point. There is only one point of prosperity that a nation can bear, beyond which, when attained, it must retrograde—that point we have nearly attained, and, without the intervention of some miracle, we shall pass it rapidly. Mr. Morgan would stop us in our onward course to destruction by more churches, more schools, and combination among the producers of wealth,—mind, always at the expense of the present possessors of the said wealth. His plan is Mr. Owen's Socialism without its vices. It won't do. To make it successful we must reorganise society, and make other principles than those which now actuate us the mainsprings of our conduct. We admire the author's religion, we venerate his morality, and feel an affection for him for his loving-kindness to his fellow-men; but still we must tell him that he is an amiable visionary. On all details he sees clearly and expresses himself eloquently, but he fails in his summing-up, and from right premises comes to wrong conclusions. We have no room to describe his remedies for our social diseases—of course, it is a square—these self-supporting institutions are always built in square; but we will state his own opinion of its advantages contrasted with the disadvantages of our present method of living.

*In the Manufacturing Towns.*

The poor and working classes usually live in garrets, or cellars, within narrow lanes or confined courts.

They are surrounded with dirt, enveloped in smoke, and have seldom a pleasant object in view.

Parents are oppressed with anxiety, to secure the means of subsistence for themselves and children.

Each family has the care and trouble of going to market to supply their individual wants, and under every disadvantage.

Each family must have domestic arrangements for cooking, &c.; and one person wholly occupied in preparing provisions, &c. in a family of ordinary numbers.

The parents toil from 10 to 16 hours in the day, and very often under circumstances the most unfavourable to health.

In bad times, and which frequently occur, the parties incur debts, pawn their wearing apparel, and

*In Self-supporting Institutions.*

The poor and working classes will live in dwellings, rendered in every way convenient, and in an open country.

They will be surrounded by gardens and a healthy atmosphere—walks and plantations will be before them, and well-cultivated ground in all directions.

The necessities and comforts of life will be enjoyed by all, and the store-houses super-abundantly supplied.

The same trouble will provide for 1000 as is now required for one family; and all articles will be procured on the best terms.

The best provisions will be cooked in the best manner, under arrangements that will enable ten or twelve individuals easily to prepare provisions for 1200.

The parents will be healthfully and pleasantly occupied not more than eight hours in the day.

No bad times can occur from a change of markets, or from any commercial uncertainties, as

experience a distress not easily to be described.

In case of sickness, every evil takes place among the poor; and when requiring more pecuniary aid, their ordinary wages are suspended.

They live in dwellings and alleys so crowded and dirty, that no minister of religion can approach them.

The early death of parents leaves the children orphans, and subject to every evil.

The children are usually sickly, and, as well as the parents, ill clothed.

The education of the children neglected.

The children sent early in life to some one trade or manufacture, usually of a very unhealthy nature, and at which they must attend for ten or more hours per day.

The children trained under ignorant persons, possessing many bad habits.

Scolding, coercion, and punishments, are the usual instruments of training.

How easy it is to form a theory! This system, he knows, must necessarily destroy one of the finest impulses of our nature, *emulation*; he therefore reconciles us to this by the following debtor and creditor account of human happiness:—

#### *Competition.*

Leaves no time for the improvement of the mind.

Brings into injurious exercise the worst passions, and the lower faculties of our nature.

Engenders pride, avarice, poverty and war.

Applies machinery to the pecuniary advantage of a few, and thereby increases the struggles, and aggravates the vices of society, rendering the employment of the people more uncertain and severe.

Is in principle and practice op-

there will always be a stock of things necessary for two or three years in advance.

In the event of sickness, the utmost attention and care will be experienced; all will be interested in the recovery of the invalid, and will be trained to have pleasure in rendering his situation as comfortable as possible.

The chaplain will reside in the midst of his flock, in health and sickness.

The early death of parents leaves the children, in all respects, well provided and protected.

The children will be ruddy and healthy, and, as well as their parents, neat, clean, and properly clothed.

The children all well trained and well informed.

The children gradually instructed in gardening, agriculture, and some trade or manufacture, and only employed according to age or strength.

The children will be trained by intelligent persons, possessing good habits.

Religious principle, kindness, and good sense will be the only instruments of training.

#### *Mutual Assistance.*

Gives ample leisure for the cultivation of the mind.

Aids the development of good feeling, and of the higher faculties.

Leads to humility, contentment, abundance and peace.

Directs machinery so as to diminish the hours of labour, and to render less unpleasant the more disagreeable, but indispensable employments,

Facilitates good education and



posed to good education and moral training.

Impedes genius and talent, which are often perverted by difficulties and uncongenial positions in society.

Encourages selfishness, and is therefore adverse to the spirit and precepts of Christianity:—hence all its general results are vicious.

combines the advantages of private and public tuition, and excludes the defects of each.

Fosters genius and talent, and assigns to them that sphere of exertion peculiarly favourable to their highest attainments, and beneficial exercise.

Promotes benevolence, and is therefore congenial with the spirit and precepts of Christianity:—hence all its general results are virtuous.

Ambition must not thus be destroyed. It has its evils like other blessings, such as light and heat, but without it man would be degraded to a mere machine. The progressing perfectibility of the human species is its greatest prerogative. Still, as there is much, very much that is good in the exposition before us, we sincerely call the attention of our readers to it. It will excite all their better sympathies, and make each one, in his own sphere, desirous of relieving evils with which he was before unacquainted. Mr. Morgan's book is accompanied by a very beautiful plate, portraying one of his establishments. It has quite a fascinating look, and would almost tempt ourselves to socialize—but we fear that criticism would not be too well appreciated in one of these delightful rural squares. We could not help smiling at the gaucherie of the letter-press under the view. It is thus punctuated, and reads thus:—"The self-supporting institution proposed by J. M. Morgan, in religion and crime." As there is nothing to designate that, "in religion and crime," is the title of his work, the words read very oddly. In discussing this treatise, we feel it our duty to recommend it for perusal—its statistics alone are highly valuable, and all its details useful and interesting, although we do not think any one who has not a heated imagination could ever come to the same conclusion as its valuable author has arrived at—only on paper, as yet.

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*Rosabel and Helvetia: Poems in Two Cantos each.* By THOMAS CHARLES CATHREY, of the Inner Temple, Esq.

The poetic temperament is much more universal than is generally believed. Indeed, in some degree, it exists in every one, not actually fatuous, at some period of his or her life. When the imagination makes a fool of the judgment, and things wear an exaggerated appearance, the pleasant seeming to be bliss, and the disagreeable, agony, then commences the domination of false poetry; and should the gift of a facility of expression be added, then also does the excited subject begin to rant and rhyme, and then should the exercise of the reason be most urgently sought for. But if there should be much vanity existing, or a morbid love of approbation, the man is lost—he publishes—and thus chronicles himself a noodle, and makes

his enemy glad, because he has "written a book." We would advise all young gentlemen, should this factitious impulse be strong upon them, to defer rhyming till the delay has become so dangerous that his good-natured friends hint that sensible men should make their wills; and then, when the poor patient must either rhyme or die, let him rhyme; but not give the rhymes to the world until the world asks for them, or some yet unborn monster of philanthropy, in the shape of a bookseller, should purchase them; and thus the self-fancied poet may, at length, creep into his grave without being suspected to have been a much greater simpleton than his neighbours. We say all this of a false inspiration, of the drunkenness of self-conceit; but when the divine animus is distinctly and unmistakeably apparent, let him clothe wisdom with beauty, and trace the holy paths of the poet. Now the two poems before us have sprung from the genuine source, they breathe the fire of the mind, but as yet they are but unsettled and aimless coruscations, light and heat without permanence or direction; consequently they dazzle, but do not satisfy. The first poem, *Rosabel*, resembles a tessellated pavement of rich materials, for there are jewels among them, put together unmethodically, and lacking the master-hand of experience. The little story that it unfolds is melo-dramatic in the extreme, and the characters are indistinct and visionary; they are but dimly seen amidst the mists of the poetry. The versification is a mixture of almost all the combinations of numbers and of rhymes of which prosody admits, and this patchwork has a most unpleasing effect. Did we not think very, *very* highly of the talents of this young author, we should not take this trouble in pointing out his defects—did we hold him to be one of the common-place poetasters of the day, deluded into publishing by his own folly and the ironical praises of his acquaintance, in all probability we should have dismissed his work with a sneering compliment, or have bid him "go and sin no more." But there is that in him that is worth chastising, and it is no fault of ours if he take not the correction gratefully. We, therefore, tell him that genius, alone, is not sufficient to produce poetry fit for the public eye—that judgment should build the structure of his work, and imagination and fancy embellish it. He has not attended to this; his poems, therefore, notwithstanding their many and great beauties, are crude, disappointing to his admirers, and, in their present state, unfit for circulation. We confess that he has failed nobly, and that there is good hope and promise in his failure; but the fact cannot be disguised—it is a failure. We know that many of our readers will not think so, and conceive his verses very good for a young barrister—granted; but we look upon him as a young poet, and we judge him by his latent and yet undeveloped capabilities. We will extract a specimen of his versification from the commencement of the second canto of his first poem.

"As the rose, which at morning its fair leaves out-spreading,  
Is the brightest at noontide and richest of all,  
Will, scorched by that sun that first nursed it, be shedding  
Those leaflets at evening, and blighted, will fall.

So the heart, which love's arrows too keenly awaken  
To a sense of delight which it ne'er knew before,  
When the first thrill is past, and all lonely, forsaken,  
'Twill find that that rapture returns never more.

Fair queen of darkness, when thy silvery light  
Robs of its fears the star-bespangled night;  
When the soft breeze creeps by on scented wings  
Through the light boughs where Philomela sings;  
What pensive soul there, musing, and alone,  
But feels that soft pale witchery its own?  
What wind-bound sailor, as the breezes sweep  
O'er the blue bosom of the billowy deep,  
But leaves his thought in mazy course to stray  
Far from his deck to distant lands away;  
To scenes where memory lingers with delight,  
When life was new, and summer-dreams were bright?  
What captive, pining in the dungeon-gloom,  
From whence the morn may light him to the tomb,  
But, as he views the mellow moonlight fall  
Through the high loop-hole of the dark gray wall,  
Casts sadly oft a retrospective glance  
O'er all the shadows of life's mazy trance?  
'Tis then he calls to mind,—ah then, too late,—  
The crimes, the guilt, that lured him on to fate;  
The days of innocence!—past happy hours!  
His own dear love—those rose-encircled bowers,  
Where first his spirit learnt how sweet the pain  
Is to love truly, and be loved again;  
Till sweet remembrance from his aching heart  
Bears far away the half of sorrow's smart,  
And whispers to his fainting senses—this—  
Life charms no more, and even death is bliss."

His poem of *Helvetia* is much more regular, and therefore less obnoxious to our remarks; yet it has still all those faults of which we would see him divested, and thus vindicate his superior abilities. We wish that these two poems were forgotten—by the author as well as by the public—the public will soon do their part; and that he should attempt something of a much higher order, and on some regular plan. Let him write out the whole of his subject in honest, unsophisticated prose, even his boldest poetical images; let him take care that they have no contradictions, that they never violate common sense, and that the individuality of his allegories and metaphors be never broken—that a handsome face be not a flower in one line, a wave in another, and a sunbeam in a third. When he has completed his work in this prosaic manner, let him read it to some cool-headed friend—if a little petulant and sarcastic, so much the better; and should it please this referee, he may then commence versifying with all imaginable ardour; and when the whole is finished, if he do not succeed, he will certainly have taken the best method to ensure success. This was the manner in which the immortal Milton proceeded,—and it is well known that Moliere always read the first drafts of his plays to an old woman, a faithful servant of the dramatist. To conclude; we find that Mr. Cathrey possesses great energy of thought,



a brilliant imagination, a nice perception of the beautiful, and a correct and harmonious ear; he wants experience and judgment; and without the latter, in poetry, all the fine qualities that he boasts of are worse than nugatory.

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*A Word to the Manufacturers of Great Britain, on the Prospects of the Cotton Trade.* By AMICUS CURIÆ.

This is but a word, yet an important one. No one can doubt but that the spirit of the civilized world, with the exception of some of our colonies, is anti-English. We need not go farther to look for this cause than that jealousy, natural to the human breast, of superiority—a superiority that perhaps this country is not doomed long to possess. Disguise the fact as you may—argue the point in all its bearings—this is the plain state of things; whilst capital extorts from production, the utmost that competition will enable it to do, the prices here will be so much above those of the continent, that continental labour, in spite of our science and machinery, will shortly undersell us in every market in the world, where we cannot enjoy an enforced monopoly. The most pestilent of these capitalists is now the landholder. The undue protection offered him by the provision-laws discourages the whole economy of our commercial and manufacturing interests. This the author before us acknowledges, and, despairing of a remedy, bids us look to an uncultivated monopolized market that we still enjoy—the millions of India. With all deference, this proposed remedy is pitiable. Enable those millions, if you can, first to *become* consumers. “They,” in the language of the poet, “want but little here below,” and their priests and their rulers take care to make that little almost unattainable to them. For the remedy of the threatened evil of foreign competition we must look at home. Remove the curse of the corn-laws first: the legislature could not induce capitalists and landlords to be content with moderate profits—impossible! the reader will exclaim; we confess that we think so too, and if so, the evil is remediless. It becomes a matter of morality, over which human laws can have no control. It is in this that we recognise the decadence of empires: trade begets wealth—wealth the power of increasing itself till it consumes the very elements of its own being; and thus all perishes together. However, let every one who takes an interest in these things read the exposition of “Amicus Curiae.” It affords some information and valuable statistics. Dreadful as is the medium, we think a sharp and distressful war, or a desolating plague, would be useful; the lower orders would suffer and become thinned; and taxes and falling incomes tend to equalize the immense properties of the upper classes.

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*Memoir of John James Macgregor, author of “The History of the French Revolution and the War;” “History of the County and City of Limerick,” &c. &c.; with Copious Extracts from his Writings.* By his Son, JOHN JAMES MACGREGOR, M. D.

This is a pleasant anecdotal biography, which is more a vehicle for

interesting incidents and fragmental information, than the records of a life not so important that it would have been a public loss, had they not have been here handed a little way down to posterity. This biography begins *ab ovo*, for we have even the descent of the gentleman given us; but this is excusable, seeing that he has sprung from the Clan Macgregor. The first chapter is devoted to the father of the hero of this work, and is very agreeably handled. It appears that, very early in life, the subject of this memoir took a serious turn, his religious conversion being so early as to be dated from the eleventh year of his age, at which period he received the blessing of the reverend John Wesley, in all its patriarchal solemnity. We soon find him the editor of a paper, then an active Methodist—marries—loses his father—his property—commences bookselling, and fails; all this taking place in his early youth. After this he opens an academy, and establishes religious meetings among the soldiers of the garrison. We have no space to follow him through all the vicissitudes of his very active, and, in his limited circle, useful life; but must pass over many years, until, at the age of forty, he regularly sets down as an author, and commences his history of the “French Revolution.” We have an account of the progress of this work given with a truly filial minuteness. As a specimen of this gentleman’s style, we quote his description of Robespierre.

“None of the revolutionists have left a name so abhorred as that of Robespierre. He is represented as being low of stature, not more than five feet three inches high; his complexion livid and cadaverous, and his features harsh and forbidding. The dreadful celebrity which he had acquired, would, naturally, lead us to examine by what means he obtained that unbounded influence which he possessed over the French nation, and which he might have retained for an indefinite period, had he been more prudent in the selection of his victims. He appears to have been solely destitute of those great qualities by which successful demagogues have usually attained to sovereign power. His temper was melancholy and severe, and the faculties of his mind always limited. He knew no medium between anarchy and oppression, between war and extermination—and his only art of government was to oppress by the force of tyranny, or rule by dint of money. His predominant passions were envy, hatred, and revenge; he was ambitious of the array of power, only because he could not bear to see it in other hands; he was the determined foe of all who had excited attention either by their wealth, their talents, or their virtues—and not satisfied with sacrificing them at the shrine of envy, he would, if possible, have proscribed their memories. His oratorical talents were below mediocrity; his style was lax and diffuse, without colour and without energy; but he possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of perfidious dissimulation, and being destitute of courage, he generally dealt his blows from behind; he also knew how to profit by the talents of others, and by the faults which they might commit. For ever surrounded by a band of women who were called his *jupons gras*, and with some men of the lowest mob to whom he committed the care of supporting and extending his popularity, he employed them usefully in order to appropriate to himself the merit of all the revolutionary projects in the eyes of the multitude; and strong in his integrity in pecuniary matters, he always took care to open the path of honour, and especially of riches, to his rivals, in order that he might have an additional means always of ruining them. He at the same time kept a kind of watch over all the distinguished



men of the Revolution. He began, from the time of the Constituent Assembly, to take note of their steps, their inconsistencies, their weaknesses, in short their whole conduct—and this picture assisted him more than can be imagined in terrifying and governing some, and ruining others.”

“That the last moments of the life of such a monster should be fearful and appalling is only what we might be induced to prophesy, from the retrospect of a life of crime unparalleled in the annals of revolution; and it is calculated to produce at least one beneficial effect upon those who read it aright, which is an abhorrence of those principles that render life a fever, and invest death with all the realities of remorse, and a slavish fear of eternal retribution. Our author says—‘The other adherents of Robespierre were taken without difficulty, and he himself was found sitting squat against a wall, with a knife in his hand, apparently intended for the purpose of self-destruction, but which he did not use. A soldier, on discovering him, apprehending resistance, fired two pistols at him, one of which wounded him on the head, the other broke his under jaw. He was immediately taken before the committee of general security in an arm chair, his broken jaw bound up in a cloth, and tied at the top of his head. While in the antechamber of the committee a slight dressing was put upon his wound; he wished to wipe away the blood with which his mouth was filled; they gave him a cloth already bloody, and as he pushed it away, they said to him, “it is blood, it is what thou likest.” A message being sent to the Convention to know if he should be brought to the bar, the members exclaimed that they would no longer suffer their hall to be polluted by such a monster. He lay for some time stretched on a table in the antechamber, the blood flowing from his eyes, mouth, and nostrils. Apparently torn with torturing recollections, and abandoned to remorse, he pinched his thighs with convulsive agony, and scowled gloomily about the room; when he fancied himself unobserved, a workman who approached to gaze on the horrid spectacle, emphatically exclaimed—‘Yes, there is a God.’”

“After enduring in this situation the scoffs of all who approached him, he was carried to an hospital, where his wounds were dressed, merely to prolong his existence, and from thence sent to the Conciergerie, where for a few hours he occupied the same dungeon which had been inhabited by Hebeck, Danton, and Chaumette. The gaolers treated him with the utmost indignity, and when he made a sign to one of them, for he could no longer speak, to bring him pen, ink, and paper, ‘What dost thou want with it?’ said the man, ‘is it to write to thy Maker?—thou shalt see him without delay.’ Couthon suffered the first, and Robespierre the last but one. When he was about to be tied to the fatal plank, the executioner snatched the dressing from the broken jaw, which immediately fell, and a profusion of blood gushed out; the horrible chasm, occasioned by the width of his mouth, in consequence of this accident, rendered his head, when held up to the public view, a most terrible and disgusting spectacle.”

After this, his son gives us many pages and many chapters filled with farther extracts from his father’s work. It is thus that his character is summed up—

“In his private character he was consistent in maintaining the integrity of his principles, as he thought that faith would not be worth holding of which any man could be ashamed; never did he omit an opportunity, in whatever society he found himself, of advocating its importance, and yet no man could be less obtrusive in putting forth his opinions; he however possessed the happy art of speaking truth without clothing it in offensive language. It might appear to those who did not know him intimately, that there was a degree of indolence and irregularity in his prosecution



of his literary labours, and the great protractedness of his history of the Revolution might be alleged as the cause of his pecuniary disappointment in connexion with that work. We can take upon ourselves, in the most unqualified manner, to assert the contrary, and we deem it necessary to appeal to no other proof in attestation of what we state, than the fact, that he wrote a greater mass of literature than any other individual ever did in Ireland, and, with few exceptions, in the sister country. Although his literary career did not properly begin till he was nearly forty years of age, yet from that period till his death he wrote the 'History of the French Revolution,' in twelve octavo volumes; the 'History of the County and City of Limerick,' in two octavo volumes, in conjunction with the Rev. P. Fitzgerald; 'True Stories from the History of Ireland,' in three duodecimo volumes; the 'Family Gazette,' in one quarto volume; his editorial labours for two magazines, one of which he conducted for fourteen years; together with those works he prepared for the press for the Education Society for five years. It should be rather a matter of surprise, that with all the difficulties he had to compete, considering the great sensitiveness of his disposition, and the daily occurrences which arose to depress his mind and paralyze his exertions, that he did so much, endured so long, and persevered till he completed all his engagements.

"In person, Mr. Macgregor was of the middle stature; his body was thin but well formed. He had a remarkably fine head, a broad and high forehead, with a dark eye, full of benevolence and thought. About a year before his death, he called at a painter's rooms to see the portrait of a deceased friend whom he valued in life; on which occasion the artist expressed a strong desire to have a sitting from him, conceiving, that from his head he was no ordinary man, and that his likeness would make a good show picture. So regardless was he of dress that it usually fell to the lot of some member of his family to bespeak from his tailor those articles necessary for his comfort, and place them in his room, where he scarcely seemed aware that any change had been made."

We may remark, *en passant*, that there is a vast variance between the writer and the artist; for, if we are to take the engraved portrait as an authority, Mr. Macgregor must have been a singularly unpleasant looking gentleman, for a more cloddy and vacant countenance we have hardly ever beheld. It looks half frightened, half foolish. The reader may well ask, after going through the four hundred pages which form this book, pages of alternate extract and panegyric, "what is all this to the public?"—Truly very little. And yet their perusal will beguile a weary hour, and not without mental advantage. But, as the work apparently was produced merely to circulate among the deceased's friends, we have no doubt that the end will be fully answered, and the *amour propre* of the survivors of his highly respectable family satisfied exceedingly.

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*The Cashmere Shawl; an Eastern Fiction.* By CHARLES WHITE, Esq., Author of "Almack's Revisited," "The King's Page," &c. &c.

We heartily welcome the re-appearance of this highly gifted author in the literary ranks, the more especially as in the present work, the "Cashmere Shawl," he fully vindicates the high station that he has attained by his former publications. This elegant and most

lively fiction is a brilliant picture of the manners and conversation of the East, and even the very bias of the Oriental mind is vividly displayed. "The Cashmere Shawl" itself is a very ingenious instrument, quite in the Bagdad style, for introducing the various tales which compose these very amusing volumes. In them the reader will find a variety as charming as it is abundant; he will be reminded, by their humour, of Rabelais, and, by their poetry, of Thomas Moore, with a troop of Peris in his imagination. When we said that Mr. White's wit reminded us of Rabelais, we must be understood to mean this without the grossness of the Monk. The humour of the author of "The Cashmere Shawl" is quiet—almost cautious—it steals like a merry girl bent on mischief upon you, and you are taken by surprise with a delight when you least expected it. Our author also possesses great powers of description, and in command of language he knows no superior. We do not extract the following by any means as one of the best portions, but merely because the description is complete within itself, and can be understood without the context.

"As the chace advanced the circle diminished, but not the ardour of the hunters, each step brought them nearer in contact until they presented a bristling hedge of steel, a wall of fire which few beasts had courage to affront. Save here and there, when some wounded animal, maddened with pain, sprung upon the assailants and either perished amidst the grove of spears and sabres, or felling its victim to the earth, darted with appalling roars into the distant thickets.

"*'Aferin! aferin!'*" (bravo) suddenly exclaimed my mistress, who appeared as much elated with the sight as the Spanish *giao*ur women are with that of bleeding bulls and wounded horses, upon a sabbath festival. 'God has given hearts to all things,' continued she. 'Look! look! if it were a true believer, it could not be more tender of its young. *Wullah, wullah!* the brave brute deserves mercy for its goodness. Allah forgive me! I question if Baba would do as much for me. I wish I were that eagle-eyed young Khan upon the white *Tauzee* horse,\* and I would give orders to spare the creature. Ah! he has no compassion; see! he takes aim with his carbine. Good! good! he has missed—no! the young one bleeds—bleeds in its mother's mouth. Poor thing! see how she disposes her precious burthen and licks its wounds. God is great! he has implanted more feeling in the breast of the forest beast, than in the souls of the devilish Arabs and Rajpoots, who slay their own offspring.†

"The sight that elicited these exclamations from Gulabi, was that of an immense tigress, which had emerged from the thickest depths of the opposite jungle, followed by two new-born cubs, whilst she carried a third between her jaws. Slowly and majestically the noble animal moved along, disdaining to accelerate her pace in despite of the surrounding peril. With bristles erect, and head half turned, she held her way, lashing her streaked flanks with her tapering tail, contracting her barbed paws, and pausing now and then to gaze at her pursuers. Upon reaching the torrent's brink, she stopped, and measuring its foaming breadth with her glaring orbits, crouched as if about to leap; but she suddenly renounced the project, withheld by the remembrance of her cubs, which,

\* "The breed of horses of Domaun, and the vicinity of the Indus, are so called."

† "Infanticide is still prevalent amongst some Arab tribes, though strictly forbidden by the Koran. All the efforts of the English government have also failed to prevent it in Rajpootan. According to Bishop Heber, not above sixty females of that nation existed at the period of his visiting the provinces."

apparently aware of her intention and their own helplessness, moaned piteously.

"At this moment, the band of hunters, posted among the reeds, rose from their concealment, and striking their spears and sabres against their shields, prepared to fall upon their victim.

"The foremost was a young khan, no less remarkable for the beauty of his person, than for the richness of his dress and trappings. Grasping his carbine with one hand, and beckoning with the other to his followers to pause, that the glory of the encounter might alone be his, he urged his docile steed to the side of a lofty palm. Then, bending sideways across his saddle, until his projecting right leg and body nearly formed a horizontal line, he rested his left arm against the tree, levelled and fired.

"The result proved that he was no unskilful marksman. The leaden messenger of death missed the mother's head, but struck the cub between her teeth. For an instant, the noble brute seemed unconscious of its effects. Startled, but not terrified, she did but raise her stiffened tail, elevate her head, and glower fiercely, in the direction of her antagonist, who, casting aside his gun, and unsheathing his scimitar, calmly waited the issue. It was not long coming. Ere many seconds, the tigress not only felt the quivering agonies of her dying young one, but tasted its warm blood trickling through her jaws. Gently dropping it on the ground, she turned it with her nose, sniffed, roamed, licked its wounds, and gazed on it with a look of mortal anguish. Then, as if roused to a sudden consciousness of its fate and her own powers, she uttered a few short but furious roars, and collecting all her strength, bounded with lightning speed to seek revenge.

We had intended to have given an outline of one of his pleasant stories, but, on second thoughts, we shall refrain, so that they may all meet the reader in the freshness of their novelty. We predict a great success for this "Cashmere Shawl,"—the ladies especially should envelope their minds for some few hours with this visionary and magnificent article of gorgeous adornment. They may then easily fancy themselves sultanas at least, and entering into the spirit of the story, revel in all the innocent voluptuousness of an elevated imagination. Though these fictions have some resemblance to the better portions of the "Arabian Nights," they do not venture upon the monstrous impossibilities of that immortal production. Our author, though he fearlessly abandons *le vrai*, adheres to the *vraisemblable*, and we forget in their consistency that we are reading of the unreal. Wishing Mr. White all honour and joy for his exquisite volumes, we leave him to the fruition of his best hopes as an author.

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*Works of Josephus.* Translated by W. WHISTON, A.M.

This publication has been forwarded to the fifth number, which brings down "the Antiquities of the Jews" to the middle of the reign of Herod, and the conspiracy formed against him for introducing customs and amusements at variance with the spirit of the Hebrew religion. This chronicle now begins to assimilate more with profane than with sacred history, and certainly presents the Israelites in no favourable view. This Herod was a sad rascal, and his subjects not much better, for suffering so infamous an assassination of



their high-priest to go unrevenged, as will be seen in the following extract :

" And now, upon the approach of the feast of tabernacles, which is a festival very much observed among us, he let those days pass over, and both he and the rest of the people were therein very merry; yet did the envy which at this time arose in him cause him to make haste to do what he was about, and provoke him to it; for when this youth Aristobulus, who was now in the seventeenth year of his age, went up to the altar, according to the law, to offer the sacrifices, and this with the ornaments of his high priesthood, and when he performed the sacred offices,\* he seemed to be exceedingly comely, and taller than men usually were at that age, and to exhibit in his countenance a great deal of that high family he was sprung from,—a warm zeal and affection towards him appeared among the people, and the memory of the actions of his grandfather Aristobulus was fresh in their minds; and their affections got so far the mastery of them, that they could not forbear to show their inclinations to him. They at once rejoiced and were confounded, and mingled with good wishes their joyful acclamations which they made to him, till the good-will of the multitude was made too evident; and they more rashly proclaimed the happiness they had received from his family than was fit under a monarchy to have done. Upon all this, Herod resolved to complete what he had intended against the young man. When therefore the festival was over, and he was feasting at Jericho† with Alexandra, who entertained them there, he was then very pleasant with the young man, and drew him into a lonely place, and at the same played with him in a juvenile and ludicrous manner. Now the nature of that place was hotter than ordinary; so they went out in a body, and of a sudden, and in a vein of madness; and as they stood by the fish-ponds, of which there were large ones about the house, they went to cool themselves [by bathing], because it was in the midst of a hot day. At first they were only spectators of Herod's servants and acquaintance as they were swimming; but after a while, the young man, at the instigation of Herod, went into the water among them, while such of Herod's acquaintance, as he had appointed to do it, dipped him as he was swimming, and plunged him under water, in the dark of the evening, as if it had been done in sport only; nor did they desist till he was entirely suffocated. And thus was Aristobulus murdered, having lived no more in all than eighteen years,‡ and kept the high priesthood one year only; which high priesthood Ananelus now recovered again.

The plates and the wood-cuts of this number are very creditable to the work, but the latter do not appear to tally with the letter-press. We have no doubt but that this publication will, if it has not already, become very popular.

\* This entirely confutes the Talmudists, who pretend that no one under twenty years of age could officiate as high priest among the Jews.

† A Hebrew Chronicle, cited by Roland, says this drowning was at Jordan, not at Jericho, and this even when he quotes Josephus. I suspect the transcriber of the Hebrew chronicle mistook the name, and wrote Jordan for Jericho.

‡ The reading of one of Josephus's Greek MSS. seems here to be right, that Aristobulus was "not eighteen years old" when he was drowned, for he was not seventeen when he was made high priest, ch. ii. sect. 6, ch. iii. sect. 3, and he continued in that office but one year, as in the place before us.

*A Manual of Botany : comprising Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology, or the Structure and Functions of Plants.* By WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, A.M., Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh ; Lecturer on Botany in Queen's College ; Author of " A History of British Birds," &c. &c.

Botanical studies seem to be at a premium, for, within the last three months, several works have issued from the press connected with the subject. A book of this sort must put forth its claims for patronage principally upon the merits of its arrangement, for the nomenclature of the science has been settled, and its principles well established. It is thus that our author endeavours to recommend the study of botany to all classes.

" The study of Botany recommends itself in various ways. It may, to some extent, be engaged in by individuals of either sex, and of almost every profession. While Zoology, by the destruction of life, the disgust at first excited by dissection, the difficulty of procuring objects, and the necessity of extended journeys and inurement to fatigue, is, in some of its departments at least, repulsive to females ; Botany, by the beauty of its objects, the facility with which they may be procured, and the agreeable images and associations which they call up in the mind, seems peculiarly adapted for them. Although a simple study, when pursued merely so far as to learn the names of plants, it is capable of calling into action the higher faculties of the intellect. Indeed, natural history in general, if we judge of the difficulty of a subject by the want of success of those who strive to master it, seems to be a far more intellectual pursuit than is generally imagined. How many warriors, statesmen, poets, and novelists, have distinguished themselves by the successful exercise of their talents, compared with the very small number of really eminent naturalists ! Greece produced but one great naturalist, Rome none, and Modern Europe, for a hundred warriors, can scarcely shew half a dozen philosophic zoologists or botanists. Yet, strange as it may seem, every individual is in some respect a naturalist, and plants and animals excite the curiosity even of infants. Would that the study of botany, in particular, were made a subject of elementary instruction ; for then the young would find in it an inducement to forego much of the vicious practices in which, through mere idleness, they are prone to engage. No pursuit can be more conducive to health, or, unless indulged in to excess, to mental serenity. But although a familiarity with nature may seem necessary to render religious sentiments habitual, experience shews us, that piety and proficiency in natural history do not always go together. Still, he who is truly pious will find in the study of botany much to gratify his feelings ; and he who is not, may meet with much to excite his admiration of the skill and contrivance displayed in the structure and distribution of plants."

Elementary works on all scientific subjects must necessarily be conducted nearly in the same manner, beginning with definitions, then proceeding to general principles, and concluding by details and particulars. In this manual we find two sections, the first occupied by an exposition of the structure of plants, and the second by their functions. Each section contains many chapters well classified, and the gradations from the simple to the complicated are well managed. All this is done in a clear and masterly style, and the numerous tech-

nicalities so redundant in botany seem as little annoying and puzzling as in any work on the same subject with which we ever yet met. We have always thought it a great pity that the mystery of a dead language should be thrown over so beautiful a study. The word "cup" is quite as pretty, and much shorter than the word "calyx," and many a lady, and gentleman too, has turned from botany affrighted at such terms as "monohypogynia," "monoepigynia," and "corisantheria." What lady, however learned in flowers, having the fear of blue stockings before her eyes, would dare to make use of such a dreadful assemblage of vowels and consonants? This is no fault of the author's. He must take the science as he found it, and do his best to make it as simple as he can. The plates and wood-cuts of this treatise are good, and the work deserves encouragement, as it is particularly addressed to students, and very much tends to shorten their labours, and accustom them to classify their ideas. The assemblage of questions at the end of each chapter upon that chapter's subjects, though not a novel idea, is a very useful one, and when the answers to them are firmly fixed upon the memory, they serve as so many landmarks, which make the future progress easy.

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*Poleography, or a System of Instructing Blind Persons in the Art of Symbolical Writing.* Invented by HENRY EDWARD BRIDGE.

As this is the first treatise that we have seen on the subject, we are unable to speak upon it with any confidence. Certainly, we have heard of some inventions brought forward to enable the blind to read by the touch, and we believe that the system has received all the perfection of which it is capable, the Old and New Testaments being printed in embossed letters, with some other books of the first consequence. If a person has once had his sight, and could then write, all such systems are needless to him as are developed by Mr. Bridge, as the memory very well supplies the defect of vision, and the letters are formed mechanically. How far the promulgator has succeeded in making his plan serviceable to those born blind, although we have read his work attentively, we cannot pronounce. Of this, however, we are certain, that it deserves the attention of the patrons of the various institutions for the relief and the reception of the sightless.

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*Wilson's Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative Tales of the Borders, and of Scotland.*

We have received the numbers LXXIV. and LXXVI. of this ably conducted periodical, number LXXV. having failed, we suppose, to bear the long journey from the north. No. LXXIV. is occupied by a very interesting and affecting tale of "Julia Edwards, or the last of her race;" and LXXVI. by another, entitled "David Lorimer." From the similarity of styles, we conceive them both to have been written by the same hand; of this, however, we do not complain,



as they are both good. We presume that they are original ; and with this impression we think that they are very cheap, and, being well printed, ought to command a very wide circulation. Of the two, we give the preference to the "Last of her Race," as the incidents of the story are singular, without being unnatural, and its conclusion highly satisfactory. "David Lorimer" is not without his recommendations, giving us some instructive facts about places, things, and the manner of thinking and acting of various classes of society. We cannot afford space to give an outline of either story, but must dismiss them with our recommendations to the general reader. He will find them much above the level of the common run of fictitious narrative, and very well deserving of his attention.

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*The Liberty of the Press Abused. Exposure of an unfair, ungentlemanlike, and malicious Attempt made by the Editors of the Dublin University Magazine to write down the Dublin Penny Journal and its Editor, together with the four numbers of the Journal which have been attacked.*

What have we to do with the altercations of editors ? Even if we were willing to interfere as *amicus curiæ*, how could we pronounce a judgment upon *ex-parte* statements only ? Upon a *primâ facie* view of the case, we think that it would have been magnanimous in the half-crown magazine to have left the "Penny Journal" to its fate, and not to have endeavoured to have broken an already bruised reed, the more especially as the misfortune happened not through want of merit, but from one of those unavoidable calamities "which flesh is heir to." The same hand that writes these remarks penned the well-deserved eulogium, four years ago, upon a volume of the "Penny Journal," but since that time we have lost sight of it altogether, not having had any other volume forwarded to us. The four vilified numbers now forwarded to us are above, much above, the average merit of cheap publications ; and although the wood-cuts are somewhat crude, they are really good for the money. But we cannot form a decided opinion on the subject of dispute, and if we had, we do not think that we could be induced to make ourselves a party to either faction. We dismiss the subject by recommending to the one generosity, to the other patience.

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*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.* By CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R.N., F.R.S. Third Series.

The third series of the *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* of this agreeable and perspicuous writer relates principally to India and to Indian affairs. In the first portion is contained a brief account of the rise, progress, and present state of the East India Company, together with such details as seem calculated to illustrate the proceedings of our distant fellow-countrymen, in war, in peace, and in diplo-

matic arrangements with the native powers. In the second portion, the author gives sketches of some of the numerous excursions which he made in the eastern islands, and on the continent of India; and in the third and concluding division he has devoted himself almost exclusively to those nautical topics in which he had observed the people on shore to take the greatest interest, and in each of these departments he has acquitted himself ably. In all he says, we discover the freshness of heart and honesty of character of the thorough sailor, combined with the polish and urbanity of the well-educated gentleman. Even in details that verge upon the frivolous, so graceful and animated is his style, that he never wearies his readers. We will quote his description of the *Sunnyasses*—a strange name, and, if divided into two self-evident words, not inappropriate.

“Just as I had made this reflection in the generalising spirit which is so very tempting, my ear caught the sound of a set of tom-toms, or native drums, sounding at a distance in the wood; and after advancing a few hundred yards farther, I came to an opening facing the sea, in which were assembled at least a thousand natives. In the centre of the area stood a pole or mast, some thirty or forty feet high, bearing across its top a long yard or beam, slung nearly in the middle, and stretching both ways to the distance of forty or fifty feet. One end of the yard was held down by several men, so low as nearly to touch the ground, while the other rose proportionably high into the air. Near the upper extremity of this yard, underneath a canopy gaudily ornamented with flowers and loose festoons of drapery, I was astonished to observe a human being suspended, as it seemed, by two slender cords. He was not hanging perpendicularly, like a criminal, by the neck, but floated, as it were, horizontally in the air, as a bird flies, with his arms and legs moving freely about. Round his waist there was slung a bag, or basket, filled with fruits and flowers, which he scattered from time to time amongst the delighted crowd beneath, who rent the forest with shouts of admiration.

“On approaching nearer to the ring, I discovered, with no small astonishment and horror, that the native who was swinging about in the air, though apparently enjoying his elevation, was actually hung upon hooks passing through his flesh! There was nothing, however, in his appearance or manner indicating pain, though he must have been in no small suffering, I should suppose; for no rope or strap passed round him to take off the weight, and the only means of suspension consisted in two bright hooks inserted in his back. At first I felt unwilling to advance, but the natives, who appeared to be enchanted with the ceremony, begged me to come on.

“The man, who was sailing about in the air at the time of my arrival, having been lowered down and unhooked, another fanatic was summoned. He was not dragged along reluctantly and with fear, but advanced briskly and cheerfully from the pagoda, in front of which he had prostrated himself flat on his face. A native priest then came forward, and, with the tip of his finger, marked out the spot where the hooks were to be inserted. Another officiating priest now began to thump the victim's back with his hand, and to pinch it violently, while a third dexterously inserted the hooks under the skin and cellular membrane, just below the shoulder-blade. As soon as this was effected, the devotee leaped gaily on his feet, and, as he rose, a basin of water, which had previously been dedicated to Shiva, was dashed in his face. He was then marched in procession from the pagoda towards a little platform on one side of the area in which the mast and yard were placed. Numerous drums and

shrill-sounding pipes, mixed with the sound of many voices, gave token of his approach.

"On mounting the platform, he tore away a number of chaplets and coronals of flowers by which he had been ornamented, scattering the fragments amongst the eager crowd. His dress, if such it can be called, besides the usual langooti or slight band round the waist, consisted of nothing but a very short jacket, covering the shoulders and half of the arm, and a pair of drawers, reaching nearly to the knee, both being made of an open net-work, the meshes of which were an inch wide.

"As the natives, so far from objecting to my being present, encouraged me to come forward, I mounted the scaffold, and stood close by to make sure there was no deception practised. The hooks, which were formed of highly polished steel, might be about the size of a small shark-hook, but without any barb; the thickness being rather less than a man's little finger. The points of the hooks being extremely sharp, they were inserted without lacerating the parts, and so adroitly, that not a drop of blood flowed from the orifices; in fact, the native, who appeared to suffer no pain, conversed easily with those about him. I may add, as the contrary has often been reported, that there was not, on this occasion at least, the slightest appearance of intoxication. To each hook was attached a strong cotton line, which, after certain ceremonies, was tied to the extremity of the yardarm, drawn to the scaffold by ropes. As soon as the lines had been made fast, the opposite end of the yard was again gradually pulled down by men on the other side of the ring, and thus the Sunnyass was raised fifty or sixty feet over the heads of the admiring multitude, who all shouted as he ascended.

To show his perfect self-possession, he took from the pouch tied round his waist handfuls of flowers, and, occasionally, a single line, which, with a merry countenance and a cheerful voice, he jerked amidst the crowd. Nothing could exceed the eagerness of the natives to catch these holy relics; and in order to give all of them an equal chance, the men stationed at the lower end of the yard walked with it round the ring, so as to bring the swinger successively over the different parts of the circle. To enable them to make this circuit, the centre of the yard was made to traverse on a double pivot, which allowed it not only to be lowered down at the ends, but to be carried round horizontally. In this way the suspended fanatic, who really appeared to enjoy it as a sport, was wheeled round three times, each circuit occupying about two minutes; after which he was lowered down to the platform, and, the lines being cast off, he walked back to the pagoda, accompanied, as before, by the tom-toms and squeaking pipes. The hooks were then removed from his back, and he joined the crowd who accompanied the next man from the pagoda to the platform—exactly as if he had not himself been exposed only the minute before to a trial which, let people say what they like of it, must have been very severe.

"I remained near the spot for about an hour, during which four other men were hooked up in the same manner, and swung round, not one of them exhibiting the slightest symptom of uneasiness. During the whole time, I never detected anything even like impatience except once, when one of the men in the air appeared to fancy that the persons who were walking along with the lower end of the yard moved too slowly. He called out to them to quicken their pace, but with nothing angry in his tone, or any tremor in his voice, indicating suffering."

The reflections that the gallant captain makes upon these exhibitions are sensible, but not quite orthodox. If a man takes pleasure in being tortured, and can, at the same time, give delight to thousands, we might say, enjoy your tenter-hooks unlimitedly; but when such



follies are made the symbols, and are looked upon as the ceremonies, of an idolatrous worship, we think that they should be suppressed by the strong hand of power with all possible speed.

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*A Hand Book up the Rhine, including a description of all the Places on the Banks of that River, as far as Strasburgh and Frankfort.*

To those who wish not to encumber themselves with a heavy volume—*heavy* in every sense, in the shape of a Guide Book, we recommend this little neat, yet unpretending affair. It contains all the secondary as well as the principal routs, together with every necessary information respecting passport moneys, inns, and modes of conveyance through Holland, Belgium, the Prussian provinces, &c. Really, there is nothing superfluous in this little occupant for the waistcoat pocket. Utility being all that it aims at, it has eminently succeeded, and requires only to be known to become general among travellers in Germany.

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*Heads of the People; or Portraits of the English.* Drawn by KENNY MEADOWS, and engraved by ORRIN SMITH. New Series.

We have the tenth number of this excellent periodical before us, and we can very justly give it, as a whole, great commendation. The able manner in which this continuation has been hitherto conducted, with some exceptions, will make it take a place as standard literature, and be a lasting record of what the English once were. Fiction and flourish ought to have nothing to do with it, and this very fiction and flourish have been the only blemishes in the heads. The authors have been too eager to say smart things instead of true ones. In giving the head of a class, the writer should generalize; therefore there can be no room for the humorous, for no men, as a class, are ridiculous. When, therefore, an author makes merry with some peculiarity, something grotesque, he is no longer drawing a lawyer or a soldier, but the idiosyncrasies of some particular lawyer or soldier. The not attending to this distinction between the features of the individuals of a body, and the features that are common to the whole body, has been the source of the few failures in this publication. The number before us evidences this a little. "The Barrister" is exceedingly good—it would be difficult to cavil at it. "The Judge" is altogether in bad taste. Indeed, there is very little about him, but a great deal about what other people think of him. The author has been facetious upon the absence of mind of a particular judge—the anecdote is very farcical; but as absence of mind cannot be predicated of all judges, nor is it at all a characteristic of judges in general, the author has vainly expended some excellent fun. These remarks apply still more forcibly to the "Bishop." He is very unjustly held up to ridicule, and what scoffers say and think of him displayed, instead of his portrait. The article is exceedingly vivacious and droll—but it is not the head of a bishop; indeed, there is scarcely one feature given correctly. Could it have been written

of any one particular bishop whom it represented, the article would have been excellent—and a libel. As Mr. Blanchard sins from excess of imagination, so Nimrod fails for the want of it—and yet as a head of the people, the latter, in his Jockey, has beaten the former in his Judge and Bishop hollow. The Jockey is the faithful portrait—hard, dry, and technical, but the portrait still. Taken altogether, “Heads of the People” is a most fascinating as well as a most successful publication.

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*Remarks on the First Chapter of the Book of Genesis, illustrative of the Origin and Structure of the Planet Earth.* By THOMAS WILLIAM SNELLSON.

Read with the submission of faith; the Book of Genesis is sufficiently comprehensible to every sincere Christian, but we never read a commentary upon it that was so—and this of Mr. Snellson the least of any. There is, no doubt, much ingenuity displayed in this small tract, and a great deal of scholarship; but we never could like subtleties upon the sacred writings, and attempts to make us see more plainly those origins of things that the All Bountiful has willed should remain a mystery to the feeble eye of humanity. However, we must do the author honour for the purest and highest motives, whilst we wish that he had bestowed his energies on some points of practical piety.

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*The Gem of the Peak, or Matlock Bath and its Vicinity, a Tour from Derby to Matlock, Excursions, &c.; with a brief View of Geology in Derbyshire, Minerals, &c., and the Flora of the High and Low Peak, illustrated with Maps and numerous Engravings.* By WILLIAM ADAM, Author of “Remarks on the Condition of Man,” &c.

Though this work must be called a guide-book, it is one of a very superior order, and will excite the attention of numerous persons, and thus cause many to visit the scenes that it so adequately describes. If it fulfilled the end of a guide-book only, it would be entitled to much praise; but it goes much farther, as it exhibits, though succinctly, much learning and considerable science, all of which is applicable to the subject-matter. England does not possess a more interesting locality than that which is here commented upon. The work is very properly dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, whose seat at Chatsworth forms so prominent a part in the beauties, we may say the wonders, of the county. To the tourist it must be most acceptable, and not displeasing to every lover of knowledge. It is written throughout in an elegant style, and in the best of christian spirit. The lithographed plates are a very pleasing feature of the work, and are no mean specimens of the advancement made in that department of the arts. It will be long before a better treatise on the same subject will be produced, and still longer before it is required.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Tholuck on St. Paul. 12mo. 6s., forming Vol. XXVIII. of the Biblical Cabinet.  
 Rosenmuller on the Mineralogy, &c. of the Bible. 12mo. 6s., forming Vol. XXVII.  
 of the Biblical Cabinet.  
 The Temple of the Living God. 12mo. 4s.  
 Sunday Lessons, with Commentary. By the Rev. Dr. James. 12mo. 12s.  
 Wilson's Lectures on Israel and Israelitish Origin. 12mo. 7s.  
 The Church Scholar's Reading Book. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s.  
 Tyrrell on the Ritual of the Church. 12mo. 6s.  
 Parley's New School Atlas. 4to. 5s.  
 Gibson's (T. A.) Etymological Geography. 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Whitelocke's Manual of German and English Conversations. 12mo. 3s.  
 Linnington's Rhetorical Speaker. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Wakefield's Juvenile Anecdotes. 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Tanner's Railroads and Canals of the United States. 8vo. 15s.  
 France, its King, Court, and Government. 8vo. 6s.  
 Torry and Gray's North American Flora. 8vo. 30s.  
 Nautical Reorganization. By Capt. A. W. Sleight. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
 German Classics—"Hermann and Dorothea," 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
 "Jungfrau von Orleans," 12mo. 3s.  
 Poems. By Mrs. Hemans. Super-royal 32mo. 3s.  
 Mrs. Hemans' Domestic Afflictions. Super-royal 32mo. 2s.  
 Scott's Practical Cotton Spinner. 8vo. 12s. 6d.  
 Chronology made Easy. By the Rev. J. Cockerton. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
 M'Nish on Sleep. 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Simpson's Key to the Bible. 8vo. 14s.  
 Mrs. Maddocks on the Liturgy. Vol. III. 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Flugel's German and English Dictionary. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.  
 Summer Rambles and Winter Amusements. Royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
 The Equestrian, a Hand-Book of Horsemanship. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
 Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Medium 8vo. 18s., or with plates, 24s.  
 Stephens's Practical Treatise on the Law of Elections. 2 vols. 12mo. 28s.  
 Lucas on the Cure of Squinting. 8vo. 6s.  
 Dr. Weatherhead on Head-Aches, their Causes, Prevention, and Cure. Fcap.  
 8vo. 4s.  
 Dr. Buchanan's Christian Researches in India. Royal 8vo. 2s.  
 Unitarianism Confuted. Fcap. 5s.  
 Faber on Transubstantiation. 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
 Rev. Dr. Shuttleworth's Three Sermons on Justification, &c. Fcap. 3s.  
 Dean Graves on the Trinity. 8vo. 6s.  
 Dean Graves' Complete Works, with Life, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 16s.  
 Brightwell's Notes on the Pentateuch. 12mo. 7s. 6d.  
 Wiener's Grammar of Greek Idioms. 8vo. 21s.

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new volume of Sir E. L. Bulwer's works for the month is "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII." Cattermole has produced two beautiful drawings for the illustrations.

Mrs. Jameson is engaged on a work which has long been a desideratum to the lovers of art, a Hand-book to the Picture Galleries of England. Our readers may be congratulated on the task of supplying this deficiency having devolved on so accomplished a pen.

The tale of "WALDEMAR," translated by a Lady from the Danish, is progressing



A poetical work, entitled "THE CORSAIR'S BRIDAL," is in the press, and intended for speedy publication.

We believe we have before mentioned "THE LIBRARY CIRCULAR," a Guide to the choice of New Books, as deserving the attention of our readers. We may, however, safely recommend it again, and our country friends in particular will thank us for introducing it to their notice.

"The Khalif Haroon, Er-rashid and the Princess Zobéidéh, a Tale of the Ninth Century," will be published in a few days.

"Illustrations of German Poetry," with Notes, &c., by Elijah Barwell Impey, Esq., M.A., Faculty Student of Christ Church, Oxford, will be published in November.

### THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

So far as conjecture may guide us, we appear to be on the eve of a vast and desolating war; yet a strange apathy exists in England upon this probability, and our commercial affairs seem to proceed much as usual. Even in the article of tea, notwithstanding our hostilities with the celestials, no great alteration has taken place either in the price or the supply. In our cotton manufactories, business has been moderately active, and, for the time of year, employment finds an average market. The prices of our colonial produce have been gradually on the increase, and slave-made sugars and rums, in all probability, will ultimately drive sugar and rums made by the emancipated black peasantry of our West India islands, if these gentlemen will now condescend to make any at all, fairly out of the market. In the event of war, greater changes, amounting even to a revolution, will take place in our commercial relations,—if we conquer, greatly to our advantage—but of this, as Englishmen, we will not doubt—therefore we will not speculate upon a reverse.

### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Saturday, 27th of September.

#### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 167 and a half.—Consols, 88.—Three per Cents. Reduced, —.—Three and a Half per Cents. Annuities, 97 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 7s. 5s. to 7s. prem.

#### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Acct. 32 one-eighth.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 50 one-fourth.—Dutch Five per Cent., 98 one-fourth.—Spanish Bonds Acct., 22.—Spanish deferred, 11.

**MONEY MARKET.**—The doubtful state of our foreign relations has had a much greater effect on our money market than on either our trade or commerce: the funds having much fluctuated during the month, always tending downwards. Money towards the latter end of the month has been in much demand, but good houses have found no difficulty in obtaining it, at from three to four per cent. The apprehended insolvency of Hammersley's bank causes at this moment some excitement in the city, but much less than might have been expected. In all the foreign funds there has been a great decline, at Paris especially. We must except the Spanish securities, which have revived considerably under the late revolutionary movement in that country. All the share markets are on the decline; railways especially. Exchequer bills have also fallen, being now at no higher premium than 5s. There will be some fine fortunes won and lost on the Stock Exchange.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1840.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Aug.					
23 70-51	29,92-29,89		W.	,03	Generally clear.
24 68-45	29,94 Stat.		S.W.	,005	Generally clear.
25 71-43	29,94-29,92		S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
26 71-57	29,90-29,95		S.W.		A general cloud.
27 71-52	30,00-29,96		S.W.	,005	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
28 73-57	30,00-29,97		S.W.	,005	Gen. cloudy, except the evening.
29 70-58	30,10-30,08		E.		After. clear, otherwise cloudy, foggy during mor.
30 75-56	30,00-30,03		S.E.	,005	Gen. clear, except the evening, when rain fell.
31 72-55	30,08-30,04		N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
Sept. 1 77-58	29,96-29,81		E.		Generally clear.
2 75-58	29,71-29,62		S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
3 64-53	29,74-29,55		S.W.	,225	Gen. clear, except mor., rain in morn. and even.
4 65-44	29,75-29,74		S.W.	,005	Afternoon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5 66-45	30,08-29,87		W.	,065	Generally clear.
6 69-41	30,14-30,12		W.		Generally clear.
7 67-54	30,03-29,90		S.W.	,005	Afternoon overcast, with rain, otherwise clear
8 64-45	30,07-30,04		S.W.	,015	Generally clear.
9 71-52	29,97-29,91		S.W.		A general cloud.
10 65-56	29,94-29,89		W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
11 63-48	29,94-29,90		W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
12 63-40	29,92-29,90		S.W.		Generally clear.
13 61-35	29,81-29,68		S.W.		Generally clear.
14 55-37	29,47-29,28		S.		Overcast, misting rain fell dur. aftern. and even.
15 53-44	29,27-28,97		S.W.	,335	Gen. clear, till 10 P.M., rain fell till after midnight.
16 53-40	29,08-28,82		S.W.	,225	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain, barom.
17 60-44	29,63-29,42		S.W.	,115	Clear. [remarkably low.]
18 58-31	29,82-29,78		N.W.		Morn. clear, after. and even. overcast with rain.
19 56-48	29,90-29,84		N.W.		Generally clear, rain at times.
20 56-39	29,98-29,94		W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
21 61-37	29,94-29,83		W.		After. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.
22 55-50	29,50-29,48		S.W.	,14	General overcast, raining nearly all the day.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUGUST 25 TO SEPTEMBER 18, 1840, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 25.—J. Verey, Mansfield-place, Kentish-town, common brewer.—R. Hunt, jun., Woburn, engineer.—W. Smith, Leeds, chemist.—D. O'Meara, Leeds, cloth merchant.—J. Dearden, Liverpool, coal-dealer.—R. P. Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, fruiterer.—G. Stanley, Southampton, manufacturer of bituminous pavement.—J. T. Trangmar, Brighton, tea-dealer.—T. Laycock, Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—R. Marsden, Brynmawr, Breconshire, linen-draper.—M. Evans, Stone-ditch, Pembrokehire, innkeeper.—C. Wilson, Manchester, linen-draper.

Aug. 28.—W. Everitt, Thames-street, licensed victualler.—W. M. Brown, jun., Skinner's-place, Size lane, Bucklersbury, merchant.—J. Richards, Newcastle-street, Strand, surgeon.—J. Smith, Leek, Staffordshire, brewer.—H. Dartnall, Cam, Gloucestershire, clothier.—B.

Dickenson, Leamington Priors, banker.—T. Scudamore, Birmingham, chemist.—C. Daff, Great Bridge, Staffordshire, timber dealer.

Sept. 1.—R. W. and B. Johnson, Gloucester, wine merchants.—W. Mayfield, Spalding, grocer.—W. Sager, Rochdale, wool dealer.—J. W. Summers, Sunderland, coke manufacturer.—A. Clapham, Gateshead, soda manufacturer.—E. Smith, Bishop Wearmouth, merchant.

Sept. 4.—F. Bradford and T. Healey, Great Trinity-lane, City, wholesale stationers.—J. Warren, George-street, Hanover-square, dentist.—J. Hearn, jun., Salisbury, bookseller.—J. Roelly, Richardson-street, Long-lane, Bermondsey, chemist.—C. Atkin, Rosemary-lane, baker.—J. Bonner and C. Gibbons, Thame, Oxfordshire.—R. G. Watson, and C. Paris, Bures St. Mary, Suffolk, maltsters.—W. W.

Blackett, R. Thackray, and R. Tennant, Manchester, cloth and linen merchants.—T. and J. Hall, Birmingham, factors.—G. Taylor, Leicester, hosier.—R. Caldecott, Chester, draper.—W. Powell, Birmingham, brass founder.—E. Jones, Liverpool, soap manufacturer.—J. Rowlett, Liverpool, merchant.—J. A. Beaver, Manchester, cotton manufacturer.—W. Hodgson, Salford, Lancashire, sizer.—W. Smark, Honiton, Devonshire, cheese-factor.

Sept. 8.—J. Clark, Snodland Mills, near Maidstone, Kent, paper manufacturer.—J. Higgs, Watling-street, cheese factor.—J. and J. Kelly, Rochdale, joiners.—J. Anderson, Bristol, dealer in jet.—J. Smith, Thorne, Yorkshire, draper.—A. Sedgwick, Macclesfield, ironmonger.—A. Ayre, Seaham Harbour, Durham, grocer.—I. Morris, Mayfield, Staffordshire, cattle dealer.—R. Nightingale, Exeter, draper.—D. Thomas, Narbeth, Pembrokeshire, corn merchant.

Sept. 11.—J. Gardner, brewer, Godalming, Surrey.—A. Smelt, linen and woollen draper, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.—C. F. Biggs, mercer, Birmingham.—L. Lamb, paper-hanging manufacturer, Kingston-upon-Hull.—W. Edwards and G. Walker, nurserymen, Chester.—T. Batson, sen., J. Jackson, and T. Bastow, jun., brewers, Birmingham.—J. Williams, general shopkeeper, Narberth, Pembrokeshire.—E. Wookey and F. Hares, drapers, Bristol.—R. De Neuville Lucas, money scrivener, Bridge-street, Southwark.

Sept. 15.—W. and J. Smith, Hatton-garden, cabinet-makers.—T. Brown, and T. Brown

jun., Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, plumbers.—W. Batter, Oxford-street, laceman.—G. Webster, Milk-street, warehouseman.—E. Self, North Curry, Somersetshire, draper.—E. Holgate, Manchester, callenderer.—J. Stelfox, Manchester, merchant.—J. Wood, Barnesley, linen manufacturers.—G. Holdsworth, Green-side, in Mirfield, Yorkshire, clothier.—M. Atkinson, Temple Sowerby, Westmoreland, and J. Laidman, sen., Penrith, Cumberland, bankers.—T. Archer, Hanley, Staffordshire, woollen-draper.—J. Robertson, Wootton-under-Edge, draper.—G. Hopkinson, Liverpool, coach-builder.—J. G. Bacon, Liverpool, victualler.—J. Willett, Hulme, within Manchester, builder.—W. D. Dauncey, Birmingham, ironmaster.—A. C. Hurley, Bristol, coal-merchant.—J. Babb, Chester, woollen-draper.—W. Greenwood, Greenacres Moorside, Lancashire, corn-dealer.—S. Dickenson, Huddersfield, clothes-dealer.

Sept. 18.—F. Alaking, Langley-street, Long-acre, carrier.—H. Wheeler, Threadneedle street, stock-broker.—T. Parker, Tooley-street-Southwark, victualler.—J. M. Hervey, Brick-lane, St. Luke's, ironfounder.—W. G. Taylor, Little Bolton, cotton-spinner.—T. Dobson, Leeds, innkeeper.—W. Barrett, Keighley, worsted stuff manufacturer.—R. Mannwaring, Willenhall, coal merchant.—W. Morris, Brighthouse, wire-drawer.—J. P. Austin, Bristol, paper maker.—J. Topham, Liverpool, money scrivener.—J. Pybus, Leeming lane, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—H. Hill, Penkhill, Staffordshire, maltster.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. L. Bachelard, of St. Martin's Lane, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of beds, mattresses, chairs, sofas, cushions, pads, and other articles of a similar nature. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 30th, 6 months.

F. Troubat, of Mark Lane, London, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of vinegar. August 1st, 6 months.

W. D. Holmes, of Lambeth Square, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, and in generating and applying steam as motive power. August 1st, 6 months.

T. B. Draft, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for improvements in inkstands or ink-holders. August 1st, 6 months.

J. Traffé, of Shaw Street, Dublin, Slater and Builder, for improvements in roofing and slating houses and other buildings. August 1st, 6 months.

J. Hodgson, of Liverpool, Engineer, for a new mode of combining and applying machinery for the purpose of cutting and planing wood, so as to produce plane or moulded surfaces. August 3rd, 6 months.

J. Saunders and W. Williams, of Bedford, Iron Founders, and S. L. Taylor, of Old Warden, in Bedford, aforesaid, Machine Maker, for improvements in ploughs. August 3rd, 6 months.

G. E. Noon, of High Holborn, Engineer, for improvements in pumps and in engines for drawing beer, cider, and other fluids. August 3rd, 6 months.

W. Saunders, of China Terrace, Lambeth, Chemist, for certain improvements in paving streets, roads, and ways. August 3rd, 6 months.

W. Beetson, of Brick Lane, Old Street, Brass Founder, for improvements in water closets, and stuffing boxes, applicable to pumps and cocks. August 5th, 6 months.

C. Macrae, of Cornhill, Perthshire, Gentleman, for improvements in rotary engines, worked by steam, smoke, gasses, or heated air, and in the mode of applying such engines to useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 5th, 6 months.

T. Richards, of Birmingham, Merchant, for certain improvements in cutting or sawing wood. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 5th, 6 months.

H. Trewitt, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Esquire, for improvements in applying the



power of steam-engines to paddle-shafts used in propelling vessels. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 7th, 6 months.

R. S. Newall, of Dundee, Gentleman, for improvements in wire ropes, and in machinery for making such ropes. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 7th, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Princes Street, Leicester Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in carriage wheels, rails, and chairs, for railways. August 7th, 6 months.

T. J. Davis, of 5, Bloomsbury Square, Esq. for certain improvements in the form and combination of blocks of such materials as are now used, or hereafter may be used, in building, or for paving public and private roads and court yards, or public and private causeways and subways, or any other purposes to which the said form and combination of blocks may be applied. August 8th, 6 months.

D. Edwards, of Surbiton Hill, Kingston, Farmer, for improvements in preserving potatoes and other vegetable substances. August 8th.

J. I. Hawkins, of College Place, Camden Town, Civil Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in buttons, and in the modes of affixing them to clothes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 8th, 6 months.

F. W. Gerish, of East Road, Ironmonger, for improvements in apparatus to be used as a fire escape, also applicable to other purposes where ladders are used. August 8th, 6 months.

S. Howard, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in boilers and furnaces. August 8th, 2 months.

B. C. Wetterstedt, of Limehouse, for improvements in preserving vegetable, animal, and other substances, from ignition and decay. August 11th, 6 months.

J. P. I. Poncy, of Well Street, Oxford Street, Watch Dealer, for improvements in clocks and chronometers. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 13th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in the arrangement, construction, and mode of applying certain apparatus for propelling ships and other vessels. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 14th, 6 months.

P. A. Le Comte de Fontainemoreau, of Skinners Place, Size Lane, Gentleman, for certain improvements in covering and coating metals, and alloys of metals. August 15th, 6 months.

J. Young, of Wolverhampton, Ironmaster, for improvements in the manufacture or construction of knobs, handles, frames, tablets, boxes, and other ornamental articles, applicable to the decoration of houses and domestic furniture. August 17th, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of needles. August 17th, 6 months.

J. Lockett, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in manufacturing, preparing, and engraving cylinders, rollers, or other surfaces, for printing or embossing calicoes, or other fabrics. August 27th, 6 months.

O. Smith, of Exeter, Builder, for improvements in the manufacture of lime and cements, or composition. August 27th, 6 months.

W. Church, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for improvements in fastenings applicable to wearing apparel, and in apparatus for making the same and like articles, and also in the method or methods of preparing the said articles for sale. August 27th, 6 months.

H. Unsworth, of Blackood, Lancaster, Bleacher, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for mangling, drying, damping, and finishing woven goods or fabrics. August 27th, 6 months.

T. R. Williams, of Cheapside, Gentleman, for certain improvements in measuring the velocities with which ships or other vessels or bodies move in fluids, and also for ascertaining the velocities of fluids in motion. August 27th, 6 months.

B. Hick, Junior, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in regulators or governors for regulating or adjusting the speed or rotary motion of steam-engines, water-wheels, and other machinery. August 27th, 6 months.

H. Waterton, of Fulmer Place, Gerards Cross, Buckingham, Esquire, for improvements in the manufacture of sal-ammoniac. August 27th, 6 months.